

The Noble Fisher-man.

Or, Robin Hood's Preferment, shewing how he won a Prize on the Sea, and how he gave one half to his Dame, and the other to the building of Alms-houses. Tune of, *In Summer time.*



[A Summer time when Leaves grow green, What is thy name thou fine Fellow?

When they grow both green and long,

Of a bold Out-law call'd Robin Hood,

it is of him I sing this Song.

When the Lilly Leaf and the Elephant,

both had and spring with a merry cheer,

This Out-law was weary of the wood-side,

and chasing of the Fallow-Deer.

The Fisher-men brave more money have,

then any Merchant two or three,

Therefore will I to Scarbrough go,

that I a Fisher-man brave may be.

This Out-law called his merry men all,

as they sat under the green-wood tree,

If any of you have gold to spend,

I pray you heartily spend it with me.

Now, quoth Robin, I'll to Scarbrough go,

it seems to be a very fair day,

Who took up his Inn at a widow-womans

hard by upon the waters grey.

Who asked him, where wert thou born,

or tell to me where dost thou fare?

I am a poor Fisherman, said he, this,

this day intrapp'd all in care.

I pray thee heartily tell it to me,

In mine own Country where I was born,

men call me, Simon over the Lee.

Simon, Simon, said the good wife,

I wish thou mayst well brook thy name,

The Out-law was ware of her courteste,

and rejoyc'd he had got such a Dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my man?

and good round wages I'll give thee,

I have as good a ship of mine own,

as any sails upon the Sea.

Anchors and Blanks thou shalt want none,

Parks and Ropes that are so long,

And if that thou thus furnish me,

said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.

They pluckt up Anchor, and away did sail,

more of a day than two or three,

When others cast in their baited hooks,

(toulde the bare lines into the Sea cast he.

It will be long, said the Passenger then,

ere this long Lubber doth rive on the Sea.

He assure you he shall have no part of our fish,

for in truth he is no part worthy.



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O Woe is me said Simon then,
this day that ever I came here,
I wish I were in Plompton Park,
in chasing of the Fallow Deer.

For every Clown laughs me to scorn,
and they by me set nothing at all,
If I had them in Plompton Park
I would set as little by them all.

They pluckt up Anchor and away did sail,
more of a day then two or three,
Till Simon esp'd a Ship of war,
that sailed towards them valourously.

O woe is me, said the Passer then,
this day that ever I was born,
For all our fish that we have got,
is every bit lost and forloyn.

For you French Robber on the Sea,
they will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the Coast of France,
and lay us in the Prison strong.

But Simon said, do not fear them,
neither Passer take you any care.
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
and never a French-man will I spare.

Hold thy peace thou long Lubber,
for thou art naught but brags and boast,
If I should cast thee over-board,
there's but a simple Lubber lost.

Simon grew angry at these words,
and so angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
and to the Ship-hatch go both he.

Passer, tye me to the Mast (he said)
that at my mark I may stand fair.
And give me my bent Bow in my hand
and never a French-man will I spare.

He drew his arrow to the very head,
and drew it with all might and main,
And straight way in the twinkling of an eye,
both the French-mans heart the arrow gain.

The French-man fell down on the Ship hatch,
and under the Hatches down below;
Another French-man that him did espie
the dead Corps into the Sea did throw.

O Passer loose me from the Mast (he said)
and for them all take you no care:
And give me my bent Bow in my hand
and never a French-man will I spare.

Then straight they boarded the French Ship
they lying all dead in their sight:
They found within the Ship of War
twelve thousand pound in money bright.

The one half of the Ship said Simon then
I'll give to my Dame and Children small;
The other half of the Ship I'll give
to you that are my fellows all.

But now bestir the Passer then
for so Simon it shall not be
For you have won it with your own hands
and the owner of it you must be.

It shall be so as I have said
and with this gold for the oppress
An habitation I will build
where they shall live in peace and rest.